

The Greene County Republican.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL, WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

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WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1866.

NO. 48.

The Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two dollars a year, payable in advance. One dollar for six months, payable in advance.

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I. O. O. F.
HOSHIMKA LODGE,
No. 558.

A. B. MILDRED, N. G. HARVEY DAY, V. G.

The above named lodge meets in Ganier's Hall on Thursday evening of each week, in Waynesburg, Pa. D. BUCHANAN, Sec.
D. R. P. HUSS, Treas.

W. E. GAPEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WAYNESBURG, PA.

Office—In N. Clark's building, Feb. 10/66.

A. MCCONNELL, J. J. HUFFMAN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Waynesburg, Penna.

Office at the "Wright House," East door—Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg Aug. 26, 1862.—17.

R. W. DOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Nov. 4, 1865.—17.

GEO. W. FLY, J. J. BUCHANAN,
WYLY & BUCHANAN

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Office in the old Bank Building, Waynesburg, Pa.
February 23, 1865.—17.

T. W. ROSS, J. J. HARRLESS,
ROSS & HARRLESS,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Office in Jewell's building, West end of Main street, Waynesburg, Pa. ap. 17.

T. P. MITCHELL,
Shoemaker!

Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

I prepared to do stitched and pegged work from the coarsest to the finest; also, puts on the latest style of Boots and Shoes. Clothing done on reasonable terms. May 2, 66.

W. H. HUFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

ROOM IN DEACLEY'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.

WORK made to order, in finest and best style, Cutting and fitting done promptly, and according to latest fashion plates. Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, 66.

Wm. Bailey,
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WRIGHT HOUSE.
KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. ap. 17.

DENTISTRY.
TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!

DR. S. S. PATTON informs the public that after February 1st, 1864, he will be at Waynesburg, when his dental services will be tendered to any and all making application. He is now extracting teeth positively without pain, and fits new ones in perfection, and restores decayed ones to soundness. He invites all who are suffering from diseased teeth to come and have their aches relieved, and their mouths filled with gold.
January 26, 1864.—17.

N. G. HUGHES,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER,

Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

READY-made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class workmen he is prepared to execute all orders in the neatest and best style. May 2, 66.

THIRST NO MORE!
GO TO
"Joe" Turner's

HE HAS JUST OPENED A

NEW SALOON!!
Keeps Good Rye Whiskey, Brandy of all kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale, &c. And has the where-withal to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn.
ap. 26-66.

Whiskers
FORCED TO GROW
On the Smoothest Face!

BY
CHARLES HICKEY,
No. 5 Campbell's Store,
Aug. 30, '65. WAYNESBURG, PA.

THE FIRST BABY.

Marr. d by the Rev. Mr. —, J. W. C. and C. E. G. only daughter, &c.—
"No cards."

We didn't say no baby! I have one of those interesting animals at my house. It came when it rained like the devil, dark as pitch, and my umbrella at the store, no cars running. The doctor lived five miles due West, and the nurse six miles due East; and when I got home to the bosom of my family, the condensed milkman was at the next door. It's a funny little chap, that baby, Solferino color, and the length of a Bologna sausage. Cross? I guess not. Um, um, it commenced chasing me down the pathway of life just when maslin, lichen, and white flannel were the highest they had been since Adam built a hen house for Mrs. Eve's chickens. The doctors charge two dollars a squirt, four dollars a grunt, and on account of the scarcity of rain in the country, take what is left in a man's pocket, no discount for cash, and send bill for balance, January 1st. A queer little thing, is that baby: a speck of a nose like a wart, head as bald as a squash, and no place to latch a water-fall; a mouth just suited to come the gum game and chew milk. Oh, crackle! you should hear her sing, I have bumped it, stuffed my fur cap down its throat, given it the smoothing iron to play with, but that little red lump that looks as if it couldn't hold blood enough to keep a misquito from fainting, persists in swallowing its fists, and the other day dropped down its throat, and what prevented their going through was the croak in the elbows. It stopped its music, and I was happy for one and a half minutes.

It's a pleasant thing to have a baby in the house—one of your bell-ache kind. Think of the pleasures of a father in dishabille, trembling in the midnight hour, with his warm feet upon a square yard of cold oil-cloth, dropping pargory in a teaspoon by moonlight, the nurse thumping on the door, the wife or your bosom shouting "hurry," and the baby yelling till the fresco drops from the ceiling. It's a nice time to think of dress coats, pant, ties and white kids. Shades of departed cock-tails, what comforts, what a picture for an article in Plaster Paris! Its mother says the darling is troubled with wind on the stomach; it beats all the wind instruments you ever heard of. I have to get up in the cold and shiver while the milk warms. It uses the battle. I have a cradle with the representation of a marauding soothing syrup bottle on the dash board. I tried to stop its breath the other night; it was no go; I rocked so hard I missed stairs, and sent it slap clear across the room, upsetting a jar of preserves. I didn't make a noise, then! Oh, no! Its mother says, only wait till it gets bleached, (its been vaccinated,) and old enough to crawl about and feel on pins. Yes, I am going to wait. Won't it be delightful? John, run for the doctor, it's fell in a slop-pail and is choking with a potato skin; sis has fell down stairs; sis swallowed the tack hammer; shows signs of mumps, croup, whooping cough, small pox, colic, dysentery, cholera infantum, or some other darned thing to let the doctor take the money laid by for my winter's corn beet; and all this comes of my shampooing and curling my hair, wearing nice clothes and looking handsome, going a courting and making my wife fall in love and marry me.

FAMILY RE-UNION.

A very pleasant family reunion took place at the old family mansion of Mr. Robert Reynolds, Sr., in Hickory tp., in this county. His sons, Dr. P. J. Reynolds, of Hillsborough, Md., and J. B. Reynolds, of Jackson county, Iowa, having been absent for some years, visited their aged parent, when the old gentleman deemed it a fitting occasion for a family re-union of all his children. The arrangements were made, and on the day appointed, his twelve children—eight sons and four daughters—met with their venerable father, whose hairs are whitened with the frosts of ninety-one winters. His oldest child is sixty-seven, and the youngest forty-one—he has 85 grand children, and fifty-five great grand children. The old spring on the farm was visited, after partaking of a sumptuous dinner, and they drank from the refreshing fountain in the same manner they

had done forty, fifty, and sixty years ago. For amusement the old gun was introduced, and they fired at a target, in which the old gentleman participated, and was as expert in firing as any of his sons. It was one of those pleasant family gatherings; but, when we reflect that they will never have another similar meeting, it must have produced solemn thoughts in their minds when parting. We would here remark that the old gentleman has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, whilst the third generation has grown up around him, and now frequently comes to town, some two miles, to meeting.—
Lawrence Journal.

OBJECT OF THE PROPOSED NEW PARTY.

A recent southern journal, formerly an influential organ of the Whigs in Georgia, in the course of a long article urging the necessity for the formation of a third party, has very much to say of the war Democrats and the moderate Republicans who are looked to as the basis of this new organization. But the true secret of the movement appears towards the close of the article, where the writer remarks that the Democratic party of the North is all right, but "that without the aid of those who are now called conservative Republicans, they are destined to meet with disaster and defeat." How is this aid to be afforded? In a preceding part of the same article the writer speaks of the hostility of these classes to any fusion with the Democratic party. It is apparent, then, that the aid referred to is to be afforded in this manner—these War Democrats and Conservative Republicans are to organize a third party, which being all taken from the Republicans, will so weaken the latter as to enable the plurality party, and so regain power.

This is the explanation of all the movements we see around us to organize a new party. They do not want to merge with the Democrats, for that would defeat the object they have in view. They mean to attempt to divide and distract us, and so open a way for the Democrats to succeed. This was the role tried by the Bell Everett party in 1850, the failure of which was so signal. Where the constituency is so vast as in this country, nothing is easier than to organize such a party at any time. All that is requisite is a proper supply of money. Soldiers of fortune may be picked up everywhere, ready like the mercenary bands of the middle ages, to fight for any cause that pays well. Broken down politicians and used up newspapers are the appropriate materials of which such parties are formed; and if a respectable appearance can be kept up, and profuse professions of nationality and respect for Clay and Webster made use of, there are always enough Loco-focos to form a nucleus for such factions.

In the present instance the parties concerned hope to make a more formidable show by rallying under the auspices of the President, whether with his knowledge or consent remains uncertain. The President assures his friends that he means to make his fight in the Union party, and as we presume that he does not mean to fight it to pieces, we assume that this new party is a mere, Democratic trick, got up to aid the success of the old hunkers, whose hunger for the leaves and fishes of office is more than they can bear. If, however, the new party had the confidence of the President and enjoyed his patronage entire, there are about two hundred thousand offices, and that would be exactly the number of persons in the party, against the two and a quarter millions of the Republicans.

As parties spring up from necessity and are usually based on some distinct set of principles, let us see what chance there is of such a non-descript as this new party managing to prolong its existence. The Democrats believe in State rights, strict construction, the incapacity and inferiority of the negro race, and they further believe that no other majority ought to be allowed to rule than one in which they are uppermost. The Republicans believe in nationality, equality before the law, protection for the rights of all, and universal, civil, and religious liberty, and the right of the actual majority to govern. Here are distinct issues joined by two powerful parties. The new organization

seems to entertain the same identical views with the Democrats, and yet wants to maintain a different organization. Where is the need of this? There is not a single principle advocated by any friend of the new party which has not been contended for through good and ill report by the Democrats.

Perhaps we ought not to regret the loss of the few who will leave us to join this new concern, as their being with us has brought us no advantage, but was rather a clog to the movements of the great liberal party. If we stand firmly by our principles we shall gain ten liberal Democrats for every fishy Republican we may lose. But whether we win or lose we cannot afford to sacrifice our principles for the sake of office or men. We must adhere to the organization and the tenets we have maintained through so many contests and so great a war, and with such uniform success.—
North American.

HOW MR. LINCOLN SIGNED THE PROCLAMATION.

The Rochester Express relates the following as the circumstances attending Mr. Lincoln's signature to the famous Emancipation Proclamation, and says it has not before been published.—The large roll containing that document was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick.—As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in the ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment and then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward and said: "I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say 'he hesitated.'" He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly, wrote that "Abraham Lincoln" with which the whole world is now familiar. He looked up, smiled, and said: "That will do." That proclamation asserted that the "Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons."

INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF CARL SCHURZ.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times, under date of March 30th, takes the arrival in that city of the German poet, philosopher and patriot, Gottfried Kinkel, as the text for an incident in the European history of Carl Schurz, who is no less distinguished in this country than upon the continent.—We quote as follows:

In the literature of Germany, Kinkel occupies a high position as a poet and historian. When the Revolution of 1818 broke out, he was a Professor at the University of Bonn, and his strong Democratic opinions induced him to take a prominent part in the struggle.—He fought, was made prisoner by the royal authorities, was tried for treason, and was sentenced to many years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Among Kinkel's companion at this time was a young student, not yet twenty years of age, named Carl Schurz who was also captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.—Schurz, however, more fortunate than his Professor, succeeded in escaping across the French frontier, and was safe. Kinkel was sent to a common prison, placed among criminals of the vilest sort, and set to work making shoes. Young Germany, still trembling with the excitement of the recent Revolutions, learned with indignation the treatment inflicted upon the eminent poet and scholar, and numerous petitions were sent to the Prussian Government, praying that his situation might be ameliorated. To all this the authorities paid no attention whatever, the protestations ceased, and Kinkel seemed likely to be abandoned by his friends. There was one, however, who did not desert him. Carl Schurz, left Paris, disguised himself in rags, and, detaching the scaffold, reentered Prussia, with an organ on his back. In the day, he begged his bread on the high road; at night, he laid aside his organ, and visited the abodes of his former compan-

ions and the friends of German liberty, to endeavor to reawaken their interest in the fate of the imprisoned patriot. In this way he traveled three hundred leagues on foot, playing the organ through many towns and villages, carefully maturing his plans, and sleeping in barns or under hedges. On one occasion he was stopped by two Prussian gendarmes, who inquired where he was going. "To the neighboring town," replied Schurz.

"Would you like to earn a handful of pennies?" asked the others.

"Certainly."

"Very well: come with us to our barracks. We intend to give a dance this evening, and the airs of your organ will suit our purpose exactly."

It was impossible to decline the offer of the soldiers without exciting suspicion, so Schurz accepted, with a great show of gratitude, and during the whole night ground out waltzes and quadrilles for a battalion of gendarmes. Leaving undiscovered the dangerous society of the military police, young Schurz continued his journey, and, a short time subsequently, information reached him that Kinkel's prison had been changed. He was now incarcerated at Spandau, and placed under the personal supervision of the prison director.

Late one night, when the streets had become deserted, a post chaise, escorted by a guard of four dragoons, drove rapidly through the town of Spandau, and halted before the prison. An officer, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal Guard, alighted from the vehicle, and was soon in the presence of the Director, into whose hands he placed a letter from the Minister of the Interior at Berlin, and bearing the official seal. Receiving the packet with the respect due to a communication from the King's Minister, the Director opened the important missive, and read as follows:

"A deep-laid plot has been organized at Berlin, the object of which is to effect the forcible release of the convict Kinkel, from the hands of the authorities. We are now watching the movements of the conspirators, and are preparing to arrest them. In order, however, to prevent the possibility of a surprise, the bearer of the present letter, Col.—, is commanded to take charge of your prisoner, whom he will immediately conduct to the citadel of Magdebourg, and place him in the hands of the Governor of that fortress."

Upon reading this ministerial injunction, the director of the Spandau prison at once had the unfortunate Kinkel awakened, caused him to be securely ironed and placed in the post chaise, which set off on the road to Magdebourg, accompanied by the Colonel and four dragoons, who rode with drawn sabres. All night long they traveled at rapid speed; fresh horses were instantly furnished at each relay, the Colonel's demand being accompanied by the magical expression, "the King's service." The unhappy prisoner, crouched in a corner of a vehicle, cared not what might be his fate.—Germany had forgotten him, and nothing could be worse than the noisome dungeon at Spandau. Morning came at last, a gray Winter's dawn, and the carriage stopped. The Colonel himself opened the door, and bade the prisoners alight. Without a word, poor Kinkel obeyed, and found himself standing on the sea-shore, a boat awaiting a few feet from the spot where he stood, and a ship, with the English flag at her mast-head, lying to within sight. The prisoner uttered a cry of mingled hope and despair.

"Do you not know me, dear old master?" sobbed the pseudo Colonel, tearing off his false moustache, and clasping Kinkel in his arms. "I am your friend and pupil, Carl Schurz. Let us embrace each other once more on German soil, and then, away for England!"

Kinkel could not reply, but burst into tears. In a few moments more they were in the boat, and rowing lustily toward the vessel in the offing, which had now hoisted the German Republican flag, in token of recognition of welcome. As they reached the ship's side, Kinkel, pale and trembling, leaned upon Schurz's shoulder, and murmured: "My wife, my children—where are they?"

He had time to say no more, for, in another moment, Mme. Kinkel was in her husband's arms, and his children were clinging about his knees. "My mission is accomplished," said young Schurz. "I had sworn, dear

master, to restore you to liberty and to your family. My duty is done."

Upon their arrival in London, the patriots were received with transports of enthusiasm. The rich German residents of the British metropolis took upon themselves to provide for the brave young fellows who, in the disguise of Prussian dragoons, had aided Schurz in successfully carrying out his noble project, and, Prof. Kinkel himself commenced giving lectures on German literature, which met with immense success. Carl Schurz soon afterward parted from his old preceptor, and set out to seek his fortune in the promised land across the broad Atlantic. His career in the United States is well known.—He had left in Germany an aged father, who longed to see again his favorite son; but it is not easy for a man to visit a country where certain death awaits him if detected. Still, fortune smiled on Schurz. Risen high in favor with President Lincoln, the German-American General was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, and fifteen years after his flight with Kinkel, he quietly re-visited his birth-place.—No Prussian gendarme dared to lay a finger upon the condemned felon, now a diplomatic representative of one of the most powerful nations on the globe.

A LOST CITY.

No little excitement prevails among the Americans in Mexico in regard to an unexplored district of country hitherto unknown to the authorities, lying about 300 miles northwest from Jalapa, and which Gen. R. Lyon, late of the Confederate army, is now engaged in surveying. In nearly every department in the empire are to be found immense bodies of land which the foot of the Spaniard never trod; many of them impenetrable forests, inhabited only by beasts of prey, and whose shades the imagination of the native Indians had peopled with demons and evil spirits, upon whose domain it was more than death to trespass. Such is the land which Lyon has gone to explore.

While the Imperial Commissioners were investigating Government titles to lands to be allotted to emigrants, they learned of the existence in the "Tierra Caliente" of the district in question, and early in October last an exploring party was dispatched to this "tierra incognita." Upon reaching Mesa de Mocatepeque, a small village nearest the borders of the forest, they were counselled by the Indians to proceed no further, as no human being ever passed the confines of their cleared lands and returned alive; demons were said to dwell in every hill, giants of hideous mien made their abode beside every streamlet, while monsters of every form and guise stood ready at every footstep to seize and devour the unwary traveler; all was "maia," and not one syllable of good could be uttered in favor of the land.

Unable to procure a sufficient assistance from the natives, the party proceeded to make their explorations as best they could. The forest was peculiarly dark and dense and the jungle almost impenetrable. With difficulty they cut their way through the undergrowth, and, being unacquainted with the Yankee method of "blazing" trees, they marked their way by tying hide ropes to trees and bushes to mark their trail. At the distance of several leagues in the interior they discovered the ruins of an ancient city of great extent, and of whose existence not the slightest tradition prevailed. Becoming exhausted by their labors, the party, without prosecuting their search any further, returned home, reaching the capital late in Dec. The Emperor expressed great interest in the result of the exploration, and at once attempted to send a stronger and more efficient party to prosecute it, selecting General Lyon, of Kentucky, as commander of the expedition. Gen. Lyon was unable to perfect the plans for the work until the 6th of Feb., upon which date his party, consisting of Americans, started from the City of Mexico. They traveled in stage-coaches and carts about 250 miles; the balance of their journey was completed on the backs of donkeys, arriving at their journey's end about the first week in March. The country is called Metaltaloyuca, and is situated some one hundred miles west of Tuxpan, in the State of Vera Cruz.

Entering the jungle at the same point as did the previous explorers, the party proceeded slowly with their surveys.—The neighboring Indians, finding that their legends were all false and their fears groundless, became valuable assistants, and large numbers being employed the work soon began to progress rapidly.

After encountering two or three lakes of considerable extent, several rivers and swamps and bayous innumerable a lofty mountain was found, which was ascended and the trees upon its top soon felled, permitting an uninterrupted view of the valley below. The grandeur and loveliness of the scene is described as perfectly bewildering. Mr. Chapman, son of the celebrated American artist, who accompanied the expedition, writes that during his whole life in Italy he never looked upon a landscape so enchantingly beautiful, at the same time so grand and striking. Little time, however, could be spent in viewing the enchanting valley. The great work was still before the party, and the axemen were soon pushed forward upon the trail toward the lost city.

As the explorers cut their way through the forest the trees grew larger and older; showing that the verges of the forest were the last to be abandoned, and had been cultivated long after the interior had become a wilderness. Most of the beasts of prey, natives of the American continent, as well as animals peculiar to tropical climates, were seen in great numbers, and insects innumerable, many of them before unknown to naturalists, gave great annoyance to the adventurers. Gen. Lyon writes that the bottom lands of the Mississippi do not compare with those to be found in the Metaltaloyuca country, either for soil or verdure or impenetrability, frequently his whole party not being able to make more than 500 yards of surveys per day.

After a dangerous and wearisome work the lost city was finally reached, and for the first time the foot of the Anglo Saxon pressed its streets. With awe and wonder the party gazed upon the works of an extinct race. Trees hundreds of years old were growing among the ruins, showing that the city had been abandoned before the days of Cortez, and the architecture of the buildings is of an order before unknown upon this continent. Some few houses are in a tolerable state of preservation, and still habitable, while their walls are adorned with paintings of rare beauty and merit.—Carved doorways and images abound in every street, evincing in their former inhabitants a knowledge of the fine arts not found among the most civilized aboriginal races. Most remarkable of all is, some of this sculpture indicates among the people the existence of the Christian religion. Places of worship are said to be numerous, and upon the reverse of a statue of a man is carefully carved that emblem of Christianity, the cross.

Whence this race or what their fate is a mystery. The existence of this city is unknown to the Aztecs, and not a tradition concerning them is extant among the Indians, who when spoken to respecting them reply, "Antique, Antique." The doors of the houses were generally closed with rocks, showing the abandonment of the city to have been a preconcerted movement; but whether this was caused by civil wars, fears of savage foes or earthquakes, is more conjecture.

Gen. Lyon will make a thorough exploration of the Metaltaloyuca country, and his report will be received with rare interest. If the few letters received at the capital from the party state facts, the lost city will cause a commotion in the literary world, as its development must throw light on the history of the lost races of America. The Spanish party who visited it in October, say the ruins bear little resemblance to those of Yucatan or any other portion of Spanish America; and their paintings and sculpture show them to have fully as far advanced in the arts and sciences as the most enlightened European nations of their own day.

The statements of the Spanish party must be received with many grains of allowance. Americans who have traveled through Yucatan and other old settled States of Mexico concur in the opinion that every fact is greatly exaggerated, and that the lost city is but the ruins of some Spanish city, deserted by its inhabitants during the slave insurrection early in the present century. No record of such city is to be found in the Mexican archives, and if it was ever under Spanish rule its existence had faded from the public mind. The country is filled with ruins of most remarkable character, and which a casual observer would pronounce to be four or five centuries old, but which are known to have been the abodes of elegance and luxury within eighty years.